

THE GUIDON

1910.

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The Guidon

Volume VI.

JANUARY-FEBRUARY-1910.

Number 3.



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Poesy,

BY ROBERT T. KERLIN.

Mistress am I of all the subtle keys
Of large and generous sympathies ;
I hold in trust all longings, hopes, and fears,
And wake to gladness and to tears ;
Bright forms of all dear dreams that bless, I bring;
The true, the good, the fair I sing.

I use feigned plots and fictions strange and deep,
Where truest truths their freshness keep ;
Laughter and groan, sweet memories and sad,
I stir in hearts both good and bad.
Repentance, too, and hate and scorn of ill
Are subject to my various skill.

Vision is mine, insight profound and sure,—
Therefore a faith that's firm and pure.
The march of mind I ever lead, and show
Young Science where she still must go ;
I have the gift to grasp the parts, the whole,
I strike all fetters from the soul.

All men who wisely teach are taught by me—
I champion all that ought to be.
Religion honors me, I her adore,
And own her hopes my richest store ;
New faiths I still create, and guide the old,
Inspiring to be free and bold.

Who loves not me, he ne'er—the poor, dull clod—
Shall find the highest truths of God !

A Defense of Shylack.



Now should we feel towards Shylock, this remarkable character which Shakespeare has immortalized? This is the question that I bring to you to-night.

Among the various writers who have discussed the character of Shylock, there are few who have fully taken into consideration the true nature of the circumstances that surrounded him. and indeed this would be a difficult task, but I shall endeavor on a very small scale to show you a few of the many conditions which so truly affected his nature and also to show, why we should not condemn this most wonderful man.

I first wish you to consider Shylock in the light in which certain great actors have presented him. In the last century Machlin made him a frightful being of devilish cunning and hatred, but even in this terrible figure one could not fail to admire his great strength of resolution, and his high powers of intellect. On the other hand, in this century Irving and Kean have followed out that idea of him which is summed up in Hazlett's fine phrase, "He seems the depositary of the vengeance of his race."

At the time in which Shylock is supposed to have lived the Jew was contemptible in the minds of Western Europe. There were three great reasons why the Jew was held in such a light and hated so intently by the Christians. First, his pride of race; second, his religious opinions; and, third, his lowly habits of life. The first of these, his pride of race was perhaps the greatest of the three, and is the one to which I now ask your attention. The Jews, and more particularly Shylock regarded his nation as sacred and the great esteem of his tribe almost

reached the height of worship. In imagination he was constantly back in Palestine with the folk of his beloved scriptures. We find a light touch of Judaism in everything he does or says.

The Jew considered his race superior to the Christians and to be spurned by those whom he regarded as his inferiors was galling to his very soul.

In Venice, where Shylock lived, the Jews were allowed a synagogue in which to worship, were obliged to wear a distinctive dress, and lived both by their own choice and by compulsion in a quarter of their own. By the law they were granted unusual privileges, but by their neighbors they were forced to endure in matters of ordinary intercourse, the bitterest contempt and the most intolerable personal insult. He was robbed upon the slightest pretext, stoned on the street, jeered at on the stage; in short his sufferings were the food of his neighbor's mirth. The constant apprehension of being burnt alive, plundered, banished, reviled and trampled on, is enough to sour the most forbearing nature.

The desire for revenge is almost inseparable from the sense of wrong, and we can hardly help sympathizing with the proud spirit hid within this Jewish body, stung to madness by repeated, undeserved provocations and laboring to throw off the load of oppressions heaped upon him.

The Christians were so far from allowing any measure of equal dealings of common justice or humanity between themselves and the Jew, that even when they come to ask a favor of him, and Shylock reminds them that on such a day they spit upon him, another spurned him, another called him dog, and for such courtesies they request he'll lend them so much money, Antonio, his old enemy, instead of any acknowledgement of the justice of his remonstrance, threatens him with a repetition of the same acts,

"I am as like to call thee so again

To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too."

After this the appeal to the Jew's mercy as if there were any common principle of right or wrong between them, makes Portia's great speech in the court scene seems to me almost utter hypocrisy.

Shylock also claims our sympathy as a father outraged by an only child. In Jessica's bosom there burned no spark of loyalty to her lonely parent. She fled from him, robbed him, lavished his money and finally revealed his secrets. With her I have no patience ; with her father the greatest sympathy. Shylock was not the hard-hearted brute that some have pictured him, In the play he speaks tenderly of a relic of his dead wife. It is not even hinted that he used any further unkindness to his daughter than to make her life rather dull. To Jessica his tone and words were always kind, and his trust in her is shown by his allowing her to keep his keys. His fury over her robbery and desertion of him for a Christian lover is very natural, but even then, his last reference to her, shows great fatherly feeling. Shylock's cruelty is not that of a cold heart, but the cruelty of perverted and outraged sensitiveness. Shylock was a miser, but how natural for him to be one. Is there a man who can live without something to love ? Whether it be wife, child, friend or money, there must be something. Shylock's wife died shortly after marriage ; Jessica he loved, but found his love not wanted ; friend, he had none whom he could trust, so where must his heart and interest be centered ? I say on his gains. I repeat Shylock is a miser, but a miser possessing great strength of resolution and intellect. His great fierceness and relentlessness are dignified by intellectual vigor. His actions are always deliberate, they are the outcome of his bold and masculine understanding. For example, follow him into the court, behold him maintaining his superiority in argument, unmoved by insult and unawed by power, till disappointment leaves him nothing to contend for, and anguish stops his speech, then let his claims to intellectual distinction be decided on.

Some one has said of him, "In Shylock there is a strong, quick and deep sense of justice mixed up with the gall and bitterness of his resentment."

I now wish to repeat my question and ask again, how should we feel toward Shylock? For myself I say, "Let us have pity for his weaknesses, admiration for his intellect, and sympathy for his suffering."

The New Year.

Lo! On the threshold stands
One robed in spotless white.
And luminous against the starry night,
In silent, solemn majesty,
The Spirit bright! whose hands
Open the portals of the years.
'Neath the mantle that she wears
What bringeth she to me?
In the aspect that she bears
Hath she gladness, sorrow, tears
Surcease of sadness, balm for fears
On strength to meet the coming years?
God knoweth, only thee.

Janie C. Slaughter.

"Uncle Jack."

I have a great big Uncle Jack.
He's nice, as nice can be,
And says he loves the best of all
A little girl like me.
He jumps me to the ceiling most,
AWAY up from the floor,
For Uncle Jack is twenty-six
And I am only four.

He took me to the picture show,
And course I wanted to wear
My best white dress, but mother thought
I would get all mussed up there,
And then she said she didn't think
That he'd mind what I wore,
Cause Uncle Jack is twenty-six
And I am only four.

And so I put my blue dress on
And asked him what he thought,
He looked, and then he smiled and said,
"You are all right, sweet-heart."
Of course I knew, 'cause he's a man—,
He'd notice what I wore,
Even if Uncle Jack is twenty-six
And I am only four.

He brings me candy when he comes,
And that's most every day,
Till mother laughs and says to him,
"I wish you'd stay away."
But every day it seems to me
I love him more and more,—
My Uncle Jack who's twenty-six
While I am only four.

The Decision of the Tides.



es, I know —. It's all very well to talk, Elise Challoner! But it's the gospel truth ; I don't know *which*."

"Well!" with the faintest intimation of a sniff, "if two men were making desperate love to *me* —" The speaker looked unutterable things.

"How I should enjoy looking on!" from the hammock.

"Besides," hastily continued Miss Challoner, "you are making yourself so dreadfully conspicuous. Only this morning, I chanced to overhear that Mrs. Delcasse say to Colonel Padgett, that the way that younger Challoner girl was playing fast and loose with young Maxwell and Dennis Lorimer was disgusting. To think of anyone's having the least grounds to say such a thing about a sister of mine!" Miss Challoner's voice trembled suspiciously.

"Old cat! What did the Colonel say?"

"Oh, some twaddle—quite ineffective—about 'Gather ye roses while ye may,' and people being young but once."

"The Colonel is an old dear, and I shall tell him so, at the first opportunity. What did Tabby say then?"

"They moved away. She and the Colonel were doing a constitutional on the east veranda: I happened to be reading in the alcove."

"Never mind! She's only a 'widow.'"

"I fail to see what that has to do with it."

"Don't you? Why, if she were up-to-date—a sort of 'Merry Widow,' you know, she might be a very dangerous person, but as she is only one of 'Samivel's 'vidows,' we don't have to 'bevare' of her."

"Samivel considered them dangerous, if you remember," warned Miss Challoner.

"Samivel was only an impressionable man, my dear. Of course, he couldn't cope with them. As for that Delcasse creature, she's been making a dead set at both those nice little boys, herself, ever since she arrived. And she's whole decade older than either of them. A regular cradle-snatcher!"

"Well, you may make light of it all, if you choose, but another remark or two like that of hers this morning, and the whole hotel will begin to take an interest! * * * After all last winter in town—and two months at the beach this summer, too, — both men at your beck and call all the time! Really, Phyllis —"

"Ah, don't go all over it again, there's a dear! *They* don't mind, — See what friends they are. And *I* don't mind. And everybody (except the 'vider') takes the same view of it as the Colonel, so why raise such a dust?"

"You never seem to realize that *nothing* stands still."

"That's the solution," triumphantly. "Things will just develop along, of themselves, to a natural conclusion. Besides, even if they didn't, the heart of a rose," — she cast mock-sentimental eyes at the ceiling — "should never be ruthlessly forced, but should unfold with slow, sweet —"

Here, the corner of the veranda was suddenly invaded by two exceedingly athletic persons, who swung themselves over the railing as one mechanism, landing lightly with a single thud of canvas-shod feet, and finished their performance by drawing themselves very erect and solemnly wafting kisses to imaginary thousands.

The younger Challoner girl sat up in the hammock and applauded enthusiastically. The elder, thus suddenly confronted with the objects of her remarks, flushed delicately with embarrassment, laughing, however, in spite of her inner discomfiture.

"You absurd creatures !" she exclaimed. "Where did you come from ?"

"Out of the everywhere, into the here," sang Phyllis.

"Just back from shark-fishing at the Inlet," Maxwell replied, ignoring the incorrigible in the hammock. But that young lady, no whit disturbed, proceeded to bestow her undivided attention upon Dennis Lorimer, who sprawled on the railing, his back to a pillar.

"Come here, Dennis," she invited, making room for him beside her in the hammock.

He obeyed with alacrity. "What was that you were spouting—I beg pardon!—declaiming, as we came up? 'Slow, sweet' something. Sounded like molasses."

She laughed. "I was speaking of my humble self. Do you mean to say that you did not recognize the description ?"

"At sight !" he grinned teasingly.

In sudden exasperation, she appealed to Maxwell: "Bert, — am I slow ?"

"Heavens, Phyllis !" gasped Miss Challoner.

Young Maxwell looked unhappy. He desired not to fail his idol, but for the life of him, could not tell whether she wanted him to answer Yes or No. He decided on a middle course, hoping to weather the rocks which loomed large on either hand.

"You always get there strictly on time, and manage it without smashing the speed limit, too, if that's what you mean," he offered warily.

Phyllis blew him a kiss from her finger tips in token of her appreciation.

"What's it all about anyway ?" inquired Lorimer.

Phyllis shot an oblique glance at her sister, who implored her silently.

"I was just considering you both in a matrimonial way," she answered calmly.

Miss Challoner gave up hope.

"Ah, —" breathed Lorimer musingly. "And had you reached a decision, — if I may venture to ask ?"

"No. I was just about to, though, when you hurled yourselves over the veranda there, a moment ago."

"I am not versed in such matters, but I should have thought my presence might have helped you to a speedier conclusion."

"It has," enigmatically.

"Is it premature to inquire, what?"

"Not premature, but — You see, I may change my mind before dinner."

"In that case —" he began.

"Exactly!" she broke in.

"Shall you invite me?" put in Maxwell, humbly.

"Of course; you and Dennis are to be my ushers."

Mystified, the two men gazed blankly at each other, at Miss Challoner, at Phyllis, herself.

"The Colonel, my dears, is a very superior man," she elucidated for their benefit. "I dote on the Colonel," reminiscently.

"The Colonel!" in chorus.

"However, I may change my mind before dinner," she reminded them. "It all depends whether they have pineapple bisque for dessert; I shall be very put out if they don't. Come, everybody, let's go to luncheon and find out."

Instead of taking her afternoon nap, as usual, Phyllis lay on the couch in her room and stared at the ceiling, reviewing the conversation of the morning. She had really stated the facts in the case, when she had assured her sister that she did not know for which she cared the most, Lorimer or Maxwell. Each had ancestry, moderate wealth and a clean record as young men go. Both were college men. Maxwell was decidedly the handsomer of the two, but Lorimer made up for what he lacked in looks by a singularly engaging personality. In consequence, Phyllis' inclinations swung, pendulum-like, between them.

"If Bert only had Dennis' dear ways — or if Dennis only had Bert's good looks," she sighed to herself.

She realized that a decision of some sort was imminent; that matters were fast drawing to a focus. Almost anything, she knew, might precipitate it. For of late, there had been a certain indefinable tension in the atmosphere whenever the three were together, and fend she ever so skillfully, much longer postponement was out of the question. And they had had such pleasant times together, a thousand pities it ever had to end! But the most tiresome part of it all was, that she really did not know whether it would be Bert or Dennis who should have the No. She reversed herself, over and over again.

"I'll just toss up for it," she declared at last, and extracted a quarter from the depths of her handbag. "Heads, Dennis; tails, Bert."

Tails up!

"I'll just toss up once more; it's hardly fair to Dennis," she murmured after the first two out of three.

Heads up!

"Shades of Venus!" she sighed. With a sudden movement, she flung up the window-screen and hurled the offending quarter as far as she could send it.

It fell on the board-walk, close to the bowling alley, and Dennis Lorimer, emerging from a game a moment later, espied it and picked it up,

"For luck," he said, and dropped it in his pocket.

* * * * *

An hour later the two Challoner girls ran down the beach, surfwards. Lorimer and Maxwell, from a distant sand bar, observed their scarlet bathing caps bobbing on the waves like an exotic species of seabird, and immediately directed a straight course for their owners.

While the men were yet some distance off, the two girls turned and swam for the shallows, where they sat down in the warm sand and waited for them to come up.

"Why did you turn back?" inquired Maxwell, splashing up.

"The tide is too high today," explained Miss Challoner.

"I was afraid the Singing Bar would be too deep under water to afford us a resting-place before the return swim."

"I can't say; I haven't been out to it today. But there is nearly always a footing at low tide."

"Let's try it, when you have rested a bit," coaxed Lorimer. "If you should grow tired on the return, Bert and I will bring you both ashore."

But Miss Challoner shook her head. "I don't feel up to it today," she said. "Phyllis may try it, if she likes. I think I'll go out, now, anyway, the wind is a trifle sharp. A pleasant swim," she called, and ran towards the hotel.

Maxwell looked after her thoughtfully.

"A penny for your thoughts," offered Phyllis, curious.

"If you should ever turn me down, Phyllis, I think I should pray your sister to take pity on me," he mused.

"Humph! she wouldn't have you. Nobody but me would put up with you for an instant."

"Is Lorimer, too, an object of charity?" he inquired.

"Ask him," retorted Phyllis.

Hand in hand, Phyllis between, they waded through the tumbling surf to the smoother water beyond, and struck out strongly together for the Singing Bar, so called from the deep music of the surf upon it in a storm. Except at very low tide, the water usually stood too deep upon it to afford the swimmer a rest. This made it a stiff swim, and the two Challoner girls, and one or two others, were the only ones of their sex to attempt it that season, and not many of the men essayed it often.

As they neared the Bar, Lorimer swam ahead to look for a shallow place. Phyllis and Maxwell, swimming leisurely, soon saw him turn about and come towards them.

"Might as well be at the bottom of the ocean, for all the footing on it today," he called as he came alongside.

"Too bad," commented Maxwell. The tide is running out like a millrace.

"Yes; out of the question, though. We might as well put back."

They had been swimming steadily for a long time, and Phyllis thought they should be somewhere above the inner sand bars. Tentatively, she felt for one with her toes. She failed to find one, and bobbed under. Lorimer and Maxwell, a trifle ahead, did not see her little dip below the surface, so she merely gave her head a little shake and swam on.

And the shore line—how far it was. Never before had the distance seemed so long to Phyllis. She was tired, but she hated to own up to it, and battled on a little longer. And those wretched sand bars! Surely they must be below by this. She searched for one again with the tip of her toe, and again bobbed under—a little further this time. Lorimer saw her as she came to the surface.

"Tired?" he asked.

"A little," she admitted reluctantly.

He swam close to her. "Put your hand on my shoulder—so," he commanded.

She obeyed meekly. "It seems to me we've been swimming a frightfully long time," she said. "Where on earth are those sand bars, do you suppose?"

Lorimer and Maxwell exchanged glances, and Phyllis detected them in the act.

"What is the matter?" she asked quickly. "Please tell me," she begged: "I shall get panicky unless I know."

"A current has caught us," confessed Lorimer. "There is really no danger, if we all keep cool. The tide is running out. As soon as it turns, this same current will bring us in again. Just don't get scared; and keep your body as much on the surface as you can—out of the undertow."

They were silent after that, husbanding their breath

and reserving their strength as much as possible ; the only sound, the whispering rush of little white caps breaking into foam about them.

After a time, Lorimer glanced at Maxwell. "All right, old man?" he asked.

"All right," was the reply. "Can't I help you with Phyllis, now?"

"No—better not change. I'm not tired yet."

"Well, — let me know."

"I will."

Silence again, while the shore line continued to recede. Phyllis closed her eyes to shut out the widening space of sea. Once, she stole a brief glance at Lorimer and Maxwell. They smiled at her encouragingly, but their faces were set and white with fatigue. Terrified, she closed her eyes again, battling resolutely with the slow paralysis of fear that threatened to master her. She must not play the coward, she told herself sternly, and endanger them all. And any moment now, Dennis had said, the tide would turn.

Gradually, her mind ceased to take account of the time. She had been floating thus for an eternity, it seemed ; Dennis' shoulder beneath her hand, the only fixed thing in all that yielding universe of waters. A white cap broke over her head. She gasped, and her eyes flew open. Winking the salt water from them, she saw the space of sea had narrowed to a strip. The tide had turned, and she had not known it.

"Oh, Dennis." she cried, "why didn't you tell me?"

He did not answer, and she glanced at him swiftly. His face was a gray mask of endurance. She turned to Maxwell. He was spent and breathing heavily, in great gasps. Despair assailed her, even though the coveted land were so near. Death grew suddenly doubly terrible with safety but a few strokes away. Would their strength last? If only they might have a little aid, now!

Desperately, she scanned the shore. A lone cottage on

a dune. There were people on the veranda and a dog, which spying them, came running down to the water's edge, barking excitedly. Would the people see and come, too? Ah, why didn't they come! She strove to call out, but her voice came in a whisper,

A strangled choking close to her startled her, and she turned in time to catch poor Maxwell's agonized glance, as the waters closed above his head.

"My God!" gasped Lorimer hoarsely. Instantly he felt for a footing and mercifully found it. The shallows at last!

"Phyllis," he panted, "a stroke or two— Can you manage it?"

"Yes," she breathed. He gave her a powerful shove landward, and turning about, took a long breath and disappeared where he had seen Maxwell go under.

Phyllis, gathering all her strength, fought the smother of the surf. A great wave seized her, engulfed her bore her a long way. She felt the crawling sands beneath her clutching fingers, and struggling to her feet, half blinded, breathless, found herself waist deep in the swirl of the receding wave. Another threatened, and she fled before it, until, beyond its reach, she sank exhausted on the sands.

Only a moment, she lay prone, and sitting up, then, turned her eyes seaward in an anguish of grief and despair. It was a tossing blank, and then, as the world was turning black about her, she saw dimly something emerge and begin a painful progress toward her.

The people of the cottage ran up. They were only women, but realizing that a tragedy was happening before their eyes there, they had hurried down as fast as they could, bringing blankets and brandy and hot water.

A little more, and Lorimer waded out with Maxwell unconscious on his shoulder.

Phyllis struggled to her feet and ran to him, sobbing and crying.

"Dennis ! Dennis !" she cried, "I thought you were drowned."

Dennis gave her a queer look, as he gently laid Maxwell on the sand.

"And Maxwell," he managed to articulate, "didn't you think he was drowned, too ?"

"Yes, and I was sorry, but —oh, Dennis, I didn't think of him !"

Their eyes met, and in silence, before them all, he took her in his arms.

Rose Baskerville Dickenson.

A Message to My Love.

Star of the dewy night,
Lend, lend thy purest light
To shine upon my love
Rose of the summer height.
Send, send thy fragrant might
To breathe to her my love
Birds in your swiftest flight
Far carolling my message right
Fly, tell her of my love !

Wind of the radiant west,
Go thou upon my quest
Waft. waft to her my love
River on your silver tide,
Bear, bear my promised bride
The measure of my love.
Tell her I wait to greet her mine
A true and faithful Valentine
And worthy of her love.

Janie C. Slaughter,

Oh, Give Me a Night.

Oh, give me a night where drifts of white
Go swirling through the gloom,
And the poplars tall by the crumbling wall
Like shrouded sentinels loom ;
When the pine tree lone makes shuddering moan
As the shrieking wind goes by,
And the moon grown pale is a shadowy sail
Adrift on the cloud-swept sky.

For on such a night when the logs burn bright
In the fireplace old and high,
And the shutters shake and the rafters quake
To the wild wind's shivering cry,
A mystical spell that I love full well,
Stealing out of the firelight glow,
Bids me bury the past in the song of the blast
For dreams that the past could not know.

A. G. S.

The Lady in Gray.



hey lived in the same house. Yes, they had lived there together for over two weeks. and yet had not met.

It was a very select boarding-house and each felt perfectly sure that all the other inmates were very nice people, even though they met so seldom.

On this evening the snow was falling softly outside, making a beautiful white blanket to hide the ugliness of the city streets. The portieres rustled, and a little lady came softly into the library. She stood irresolute for a moment, looking around her, but, as she was the only one in sight, she crossed the open place toward the fire.

She was dressed in a sober gray with a touch of soft white at her throat. How charming and sweet she looked in that dainty, though simple costume. Seating herself near the open fire, she toyed playfully with a tassel on the chair. She dangled this a few moments, but this soon lost its charm, and she fell to thinking. How calmly those gray eyes studied the fire, and the shadows playing around. Several times a bright light crossed them and I saw a faint twinkle, a half smile, suggesting many pleasant fancies passing behind their clear depths.

The fire sank lower, and our lady in gray rose and went to the window. The deep recess was filled with cushions and she jumped lightly to a seat, while the curtains fell softly to behind her.

She gazed dreamily out into the flaky air, watching the snowflakes dancing to and fro. What was she looking to see now? A soft sigh escaped her and I looked over her shoulder to see the reason. It was only a poor little street urchin, tugging bravely along with a bundle of pa-

pers. How many do we pass each day and never think of again ? Surely this little lady has a tender heart. I would have liked to look into those gray eyes, for I know they were filled with pity.

A slight noise in the room caused her to turn away from the snowy street and look within. The fire had burned still lower, yet in the half-light, she saw some one standing within the doorway. Dazzled by the snow, she could not distinguish for a moment, who it was. So, from her curtained corner, she gazed quietly at the newcomer.

How tall and erect he was ! What a refined and gentlemanly bearing ! The little lady turned still more, and noticed his curly black hair, and carefully brushed clothes. Surely this must be the gentleman whom she had not yet met ! Oh, if someone were only there to introduce them ! Then, thinking of her hidden seat, she settled back comfortably and watched him.

Totally unconscious of her curious gray eyes, he walked quietly across the room and sat down by the fire. He sat so still that she was quite sure that he had fallen asleep. But, no ! A sudden upward flicker of the fire shone on his face, and his eyes showed bright and dazzling, like black diamonds.

A sudden rush of curiosity came over the little lady in gray to see them better, and guess at the thoughts lurking there. She leaned far out from her sheltered seat, and gazed and gazed,

Slowly the black eyes turned from the fire. They took in each article of furniture as they passed. They approached the window slowly—slowly. Then in an instant, they halted, half startled. What kept them ? Oh, yes, it was the pair of gray eyes. The eyes were joined by an irresistible force for several breathless moments. Then he rose quickly and walked toward the window. The little heart beneath the soft gray dress beat pitifully fast as he drew near, yet her eyes never moved from his.

The silence became intense. The seconds seemed

eternities. At last a soft sigh escaped, and I waited breathlessly for the words that were sure to follow.

One minute—two—three—four. Oh! Oh! How can Miss Mary's maltese and Monsieur's poodle speak!

Suggestions for the Study of Friedrich Froebel's Mother Play.

BY AILEEN POOLE.



In the last issue of the Guidon, I started the series of plays which Froebel speaks of as the Domestic Groups. This, if you remember, consisted of the mother's love, and the father's love and the home. Last month, we studied the mother's love in the play entitled "The Birds' Nest." We are now to take up the second play, "The Flower Basket" which illustrates the father's love.

The mother is truly the center of the family, around her there is a spirit of love, trust and joy; but we must not forget the father and the happiness which he too brings into our life. He is the legal head of the HOME, the supporter, protector, if need be, he must fight for the home or respond to the call of his country in time of war. So we see the father's place in the domestic circle. The child also, must recognize this, and this recognition is accomplished through the mother. On the father's birthday; the mother and child go out and gather flowers, a beautiful basket is made and presented to him. Thus, this recognition is brought about. This custom of presenting flowers has a symbolic meaning. Froebel picked the custom up from the people and made it into a mother play. Flowers are intimately connected with the emotions, they

arouse a delight in man which is a direct reflex of nature itself. The child seems instinctively to run after flowers, feeling a strong intimacy between the two.

The basket of flowers to the child giving is a gift of unestimated price, in fact, all the little gifts a child presents are of value to him. So we should always accept childrens' gifts, however, seemingly useless they might be. The thought which prompted it was one of love, and love may be starved or it may grow as we will. We should always take time to not only thank the child for the gift but give him some little pleasant word that he may carry with him through the day. But if you would teach him kindness and gratitude, you must first have these things in your heart.

The song which the child and mother sing as they bring the flowers to father was written by Emily H. Miller :—

“Weave the little basket, fill it up with posies,
Roses from the garden, blossoms from the wood,
With our birthday wishes, with our songs and kisses,
Bring it to the father, dear and kind and good
With smiles and with singing
Our gift we are bringing,
But love is the treasure,
We give without measure.”

The love of all the members, makes the unity of the family complete. Fröebel in his play has assigned to the father a place now of spectator. The mother is in an atmosphere of love. But the father has also his atmosphere, it is a paternal atmosphere which may be represented by justice. Such is the contrast between man and woman. It must not be thought that one is without the qualities of the other though. Love creates the church, justice creates the state. Man stands in relation to the outside of the family, having much to do with justice, and to bring this virtue into the family. A mother with her emotional instincts will shield a child from the consequences of his

deed and thus undermine the most necessary elements of his training. In her eagerness she will take the entire rearing of a child in her own hands. This is wrong, for it leaves no place for the father. Often you hear a mother say, "You should not punish my child." This is very bad for all concerned, for it usually ends in the man's retiring, and the child is not disciplined at all. For which neglect both parents are not to be punished by the child. Justice has not been taught by those nearest to him.

First, he will be unjust to them, manifesting disobedience, ungratitude, and even enmity. Love by itself cannot protect a child, justice, alone can create justice in the human heart.

The kindergartner must take the place of the parents. She must manifest love with justice, do this with gentleness and self-sacrifice. She must put it into daily practice or else order will be impossible. Let her not get into her head sentimental notions about the punishment of children. Rome was a most masculine nation. The history of Rome shows that it disciplined a savage humanity into an idea of justice which it organized into known laws. The result today is civilization. Shakespeare lived and moved in an atmosphere of justice. His mighty tragedies show how justice is meted out to even men of power, kings and emperors. There is a greater law above them, which at last clutches and whirls them down. Dante shows the penalties of justice according to the deed and awful as it is, it rests upon a necessary principle of divine government.

The principle of this play is the thought of loving service and true gifts, also the symbolic use of flowers. First, let us study the thought of love and service. These always seem to me as beautiful twin sisters, going through life, hand in hand. Love without service is impossible. It is a sham, a hollow mockery. What a wonderful life of service we have to follow in the Christ. We need look no further, but watch and pray that each life may grow more

in service like that greatest of all lives. Phillips Brooks wrote,—“Life is a service. Service is a part of life. It is the only real human life, and from Christs’ own existence we see the great example of it.” Second, we have the thought of true gifts. Who has not felt the pure joy which giving pleasure to others brings ?

Robert Browning wrote :

“What is left for us, save, in growth
Of soul, to rise up, for past both,
From the gift, looking to the giver,
And from the cistern to the river,
And from the future to the infinity,
And from man’s dust to God’s divinity.”

Lowell wrote also of gifts:—

“The Holy Supper is kept, indeed
In what so we share with another’s need ;
Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare ;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me.”

And last we have the symbolic use of the flowers. Froebel was not alone, though, in using the flowers symbolically. The Master Teacher used the lilies when he said “Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow ; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O, ye of little faith ?” Flowers call out man’s noblest thoughts. Wordsworth wrote:—

“To me, the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”

From Tennyson we have:—

“Flower in the emerald wall
I pluck you out of the crannies,
Hold you here, root and all in my hand,
Little flower, but I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.”

"A Matrimony Normal."

FARMVILLE VIRGINIA, April 10, 1934.

My dearest Beth.

I promised to write you as soon as possible after I arrived what our dear old school was like. Twenty-five years! The time has flown so quickly that usually I do not realize how long it has been since my school-days. Yet when I look around here it seems a century ago. I am quite bewildered and feel very much as the old woman did who awoke and found her petticoats all cut off, saying with her, "Is it really I?"

First, my dear, all of our buildings are gone completely, except for two bricks, which they point to very proudly as having been part of the building twenty-five years ago. That or those rather, is all that remains of our school! You remember how fond they were always of pulling down and building up again. Well, the training school went first (when they changed the course, but of that later), then the east wing, then the middle wings and main buildings. The buildings now are all separate and very fine, but how I long for our old school as it was.

Beth, the buildings all face in, instead of on the street, with a large campus, which is very pretty indeed. Between the back of the buildings and the street (you remember High Street) is a charming little woods, almost a jungle. I remarked to the girl who was showing us around that it was very good of the board to have had that little wood made for them, and that it must have been a lot of trouble to transplant all of those bushes and trees. She laughed and said :

"Oh, no, it was no trouble at all. This is just the result of the landscape gardening they tried years ago."

Beth, I was too overcome to say a word, and just sat down. Mrs. H—— who lives here, was with me, and we were talking things over while we rested.

“What an inspiration it must be to the girls to work in such a beautiful place,” cried I as I looked around. “What fine teachers they must become !”

“Teachers ?” repeated Mrs. H—in a puzzled way. “Teachers ? The girls aren’t here to become teachers, my dear, perish the thought !..”

“Aren’t here to become teachers ?” I asked in amazement. “What are they here for then, their health ?”

“Why Mary, what under the sun are you talking about? Don’t you know——. But there, I forgot you’ve been in California twenty years. My dear woman, this isn’t a woman’s normal now but a matrimony normal.”

“A *matrimony* normal ! !” Beth, my head swam. Mrs. H— said afterwards that my chin dropped till it touched my cheek and that my eyes were as big as door-knobs.

“Don’t look so dumbfounded,” she said, laughing, “I’ll explain. It seems so natural to me now, but I suppose it does seem strange to you. Well, my dear, it was this way. You know the girls had to teach two years after graduating. When they’d taught their two years they generally wanted to teach a year or two longer, and sometimes couldn’t afford to stop had they wanted to. The men, it seems, were a little shy of so much learning, and most of the girls found before they reached thirty that there was no prospect of their ever marrying, so would go on teaching. My dear, it came to such a pass that the state was overrun with unmarried school teachers of uncertain age, and more were coming along every year. The men were remaining single or marrying girls from other states, but as a whole matrimony was decreasing, and there were four or five ‘old maids’ to every married woman. Such a state of affairs couldn’t go on. The board found they had enough teachers to last twenty years or more, so decided

to turn their attention to the marriage problem. The result of it was that the Normal was changed from a teachers to a matrimony Normal and instead of schools the girls are furnished with husbands in graduating.

"Might I ask how the husbands are procured and what they think of this scheme?"

"Oh, they have no difficulty in getting them husbands; the supply of girls in fact doesn't equal the demand, just as it was with schools. A Normal wife is sort of like a Waterman fountain pen or Heintz pickles, the name itself is a guarantee of goodness. They are supposed of course to marry in the state. Very often there is an application entered for a girl as soon as she enters, and some are so popular as to have two or three different ones apply. Of course, the girls are allowed to choose. As an inducement to hard study, whoever takes off first honors is given a trousseau by the state.

"The school is run exactly as it was before, except for the change in studies. They have a splendid faculty, I don't know them all, but let me see —, Dr. T— has History of Marriage, and Philosophy of Marriage, and is in charge of the Training School; Dr. M— has Husbandology, and Methods and Management; Dr. R— has Civics, or Laws every husband should be made to follow and Economics, or How two can live on what isn't enough for one. Miss D— has Domestic Science, which includes How to make two new dresses out of an old one, Dainty dishes from yesterday's scraps, and A parlor set from two old barrels; Dr. J— teaches How we saved for a home, and mother-in-laws: their use and abuse, Dr. B— has—"

"But," I interrupted her, "where does the training school come in? What is the use of that?"

"My dear woman," exclaimed Mrs. J—, "the girls have practical experience there with husbands of course. What did you think?"

What did I think? I had gotten to the point where I was absolutely incapable of thinking.

"Yes, they have different kinds of husbands, in no two grades are they alike. Each grade has a supervisor, a married woman whose husband was or is just the kind of a man she has in her grade. Each grade has a dining room, kitchen and living room like a little flat, and in some the girls do their own work, while in one or two they have a servant. The girls who are practicing spend the whole day there, doing things just as they would as if it were their own home, cleaning up, darning, mending, cooking and learning to manage their pro tempore husband, and they have their hands full, I assure you. You should observe some of the dinners! Of course they are there only in their senior year, and then only for a month or two."

"In the kindergarten the husband is very young and foolish. He and the girl are supposed to be bride and groom, and he is desperately in love, therefore, very easy to manage. She does all the cooking, mends his clothes and darns his socks, and in the evening plays and sings to him, or they sit up and talk foolishness as all young couples do. The girls all love the kindergarten, for the man really is a dear boy."

"The first grade husband is the stingy kind, who doesn't want his wife to have a cent to spend, and who thinks one dollar ought to buy as much as ten. The girls have to beg and beg for every penny, even for clothes and household expenses, but the methods and management class is so excellent that they always get what they want in the end even from the stingiest husbands. You cannot help but laugh at some of their ways and means, however."

"In the second grade is the husband who is always fussing and finding fault—don't see why breakfast can't be on time, the rolls are too brown, the meat too rare, the house too warm, somebody took his collar button, why doesn't she fix her hair more becomingly, who took his magazine off the table, why in thunder can't he have

one thing in this house as he wants it! The things that one man finds to fuss about! A very disagreeable grade but then such excellent practice, for all husbands find fault more or less."

"The third grade has the type of husband who has to go to a lodge-meeting every evening, or keep a business engagement. The girls of course use every device to keep them at home, but the most successful one, especially in cold weather, is hiding their coat and hat. I think all the professors advise this method as the most effective. Of course the men fuss and fume and very often swear, but nevertheless, have to stay at home. Our girls can give him as good as he sends, however."

"The husband of the fourth grade is 'misunderstood.' His wife, (in his opinion), doesn't appreciate him, doesn't realize what a fine fellow he is, how unusual, how out of the ordinary run of men; doesn't understand his peculiar make-up, and therefore, doesn't value him as she should. He always wears the expression of a martyr, and if possible would tell his woes to some other woman. But if his wife told her woes to some other man —! That generally brings him to his senses."

"The fifth grade man really is the most detestable, but as the girls' husbands may turn out that way he is necessary. He's the kind that is nice to every woman except his own wife. If any other girl (they have company, you know) comes in to see them, up he jumps, leads her to the easiest chair, rushes for a fan, breaks his neck to pick up her handkerchief and is all attention. As soon as she is gone he takes the most comfortable chair, puts his feet on the next most comfortable, fixes the lamp so its light will fall directly on his book, requests her, his wife, to fix the fire, and goes on reading. He's an utterly selfish brute in regard to her; but is so polite in company. But if Mary Dickson didn't fix him last fall! He was as meek as a lamb two weeks after she took charge."

"The sixth grade is really very amusing, for he is the

dearest, kindest thing in the world, but so absent-minded. My dear, he invariably leaves his over-shoes in the middle of the living-room floor ; puts his hat and coat on the kitchen stove, if he comes in the back way, drops cigar stumps in the sugar bowl, forgets to order coal when its freezing, puts his napkin into his pocket at breakfast thinking it is a handkerchief, stumbles over a chair and murmurs, 'I beg your pardon.' Once when Helen Carmody was practicing on him she found him pouring black molasses into his ink-well, and then complained that the ink was so thick !"

"The husband in the seventh grade is the meekest, mildest little man you ever saw, who doesn't dare call his soul his own. a typical henpecked husband. If he offers a single opinion at breakfast he apologizes for it during the whole day. Otherwise his remarks consist of 'you are quite right my dear,' or 'I agree with you perfectly,' or 'you know best.' I knew a girl once who no matter what you said always replied with 'me too.' I never heard her express an original opinion, and he reminds me of her exactly. This grade, my dear, doesn't so much teach what to do as what not to do. The girls see how very undesirable a henpecked husband is. and it exerts a restraining influence."

"Well," I remarked rather sarcastically, "you certainly have a fine collection of husbands. I should think the girls would want to marry immediately, with such examples before them all the time. Of course there are no good kinds!"

"Good kinds ? There is only one good kind for all good husband are more or less alike ; but, oh, the bad kinds ! Girls don't need practice to live with the good ones, my dear, but no matter how good they may be at first, you never can tell how they are going to turn out. But calm yourself. In the eighth grade there is the finest man you ever saw. He is considerate, unselfish, courteous, honorable, but still with enough faults and failings to be

a human mortal instead of a demigod. How the girls love to practice on him. Oh, my dear, if they could all marry men like that."

Beth, I had been puzzled for some time, wondering how under the sun the men manage to play their parts day in and day out, so I "up and axed her," as aunt Mirandy used to say.

"Why that is perfectly simple," Mrs. H— replied. "The men are hypnotized every morning, and told just what they must be. For instance, Dr. M— tells the kindergarten husband." You're young and foolish, and this is your wife, with whom you are desperately in love, and so on up, through the grades. Its perfectly simple.

Beth, I have told you all. Good-night, my dear, with much love,
Mary.

P. S. If it had just been this way when we went to school! Then I wouldn't have *only my cat* for company. Cats are nice, but ———.

P. P. S. There are to be ninety-five marriages this June.
M.



Editorial Change

It was with very great reluctance indeed, that the school accepted the resignation of Ruth Redd from the position of editor-in-chief of The Guidon. She had held it for years, the girls refusing to even consider anyone else. The position naturally carries with it a great deal of work and responsibility, but Ruth met both with equal ability. She has done more for our magazine than any other one girl, raising its standard in every way, and making it one of the best school publications in the State. And now we must do our very best to keep it in the place she has put it.

The Telescope

The heavens have become extremely popular at the Normal, and we have all turned into star gazers. The reason for this is the recent resurrection by some of the professors of a telescope belonging to the school. While not a large one, as telescopes go, it is the largest that most of us have ever looked through (and the first for a number of us), so we certainly are not complaining. On the contrary we are more than delighted to have it. So few of us are at all familiar with the stars, knowing perhaps the dipper, the Pleides, Venus, maybe Mars, but our knowledge ends there for most of us. We have now a splendid opportunity for greater study of them, a study that possesses an ever growing fascination for the person that undertakes it. We sincerely hope that all the girls will avail themselves of this chance to become

better acquainted with our far off neighbors. One evening, a week or two ago, we looked at Venus and to our great surprise found that it looked just like a little new moon ! The same night we saw Saturn with its ring and also Mars. Thanks are due Dr. Hodge for focussing the telescope for us and adjusting it, as mother earth kept taking us away from the star we were looking at, (you know it revolves at a rate of nineteen miles a second) so Dr. Hodge was rather "on the jump" to keep up ; thanks are also due Dr. Milledge for showing us Orion, the Pleiades, Casiopeas Chais, and other constellations and telling us all about them while we were awaiting our turn at the telescope, and to Mr. Mattoon for making us forget the wind and cold by telling us the latest news from Saturn, which he found in the "Saturday Evening Post."

**The
Comet**

So we have at last seen a comet ! And some of us were so disappointed. We had expected the sky to be red and lurid, and the comet to have a tail that would reach half-way across the sky scattering showers of falling stars as it swept by. What we really saw was a tiny star with a pale, faint shaft of light for a tail, the whole being just a short distance above the horizon. Never mind, girls, Halley's comet is coming in May, and then we shall certainly see the real thing."

And now just one word more about marks. It **Marks.** has only been three or four weeks since we received our tickets for last term, and some of us feel ashamed when we think of them. That's all past now, so don't let's worry about it. But what do you say ? Shall we all try to see what good work we can do this term ? We could give each and every one a number of splendid reasons why we should, but will narrow it all down to this : Our parents, relatives, and friends, all expect so much of us, and suppose we should disappoint them ?



CUNNINGHAM LITERARY SOCIETY

The last meeting of the Cunningham Literary Society, being a closed one, was held December 15, 1909.

The subject for the evening was Sidney Lanier. We enjoyed the following programme—A sketch of Sidney Lanier's Life—Lalla Jones. Characteristics of Lanier's Life—Bert Myers. Marshes of Glynn—(Lanier) Lillian Byrd. Symphony (Lanier) Louise Fergusson.

Mary Kipps, Reporter.

ARGUS LITERARY SOCIETY

At a business meeting of the Argus Literary Society held January 14, the following officers were elected:—

President	-	-	-	-	Bessie Paulett
Vice-President	-	-	-	-	Aileen Poole
Recording Secretary	-	-	-	-	Florence Acree
Corresponding Secretary	-	-	-	-	Mary E. Taylor
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	Mary Turpin
Critic	-	-	-	-	Ruth Redd
Censor	-	-	-	-	Mary Brooking
Reporter	-	-	-	-	Irma E. Phillips

Our one regret is that these, with our other Seniors, will not be with us after this term. Our one wish is that they may ever do as earnest, faithful work elsewhere as they have done in the Argus Literary Society.

At the last open meeting of the Argus Literary Society, January 22, the music and special committees combined, and under the management of Richie McCraw and Pattie Epes, the following program, consisting of music and recitations, was rendered.

Charge of the Hussars	-	-	-	Spindler
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Mary Taylor, Elizabeth Walkup, Ruth Dabney

William and the Watermelon	-	-	Bessie Paulett
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Dance Rustique	-	-	-	Mason
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Richie McCraw and Cora Brooking

There Little Girl Don't Cry	-	-	-	Parks
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Flora Redd, Nannie Wimbish, Helen Massie, Ruth Redd

Sleep Little Baby of Mine	Rebecca Lipscomb and Mary Booker
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The Dead Pussycat	-	-	-	Pattie Epes
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Lullaby	-	-	-	Marshal
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Argus Glee Club.

At Sixteen Years	-	-	Lucile Baldwin
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Schubert's Serenade	-	Elizabeth Walkup and Mary Taylor
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Molly	-	-	Mary Putney
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Pilgrim's Chorus	-	-	-	Wagner
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Mary Taylor

Argus Song

Glee Club

The participants, as well as the managers, are to be congratulated upon the success of this meeting, especially little Misses Booker and Lipscomb. The audience was so well pleased with their rendition, that "Sleep Little Baby of Mine" was repeated, by request, just before the Argus Glee Club told us in the Argus Song why everyone had put her best into the work.

ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

On December 11, the society held an open meeting. A literary programme entitled, "An Hour with Thackeray," was given.

The programme was as follows:

Life of Thackeray,	-	-	Penelope White
Stray Moments with Thackeray,			Hattie Robertson
Piano Solo,	-	-	Elizabeth Tate
Haunts and Homes of Thackeray	-		Judith Saville
Thackeray as a Poet,	-	-	Clara Barton
Reading,	-	-	Maria Bristow

On January 10, a meeting was held to elect the officers for the new term. The following were elected :

President,	-	-	Hattie Robertson
Vice-president,	-	-	Lady May Holt
Recording Sec'y,	-	-	Pearl Berger
Corresponding Sec'y,	-	-	Penelope White
Treasurer,	-	-	Estelle Hall
Critic,	-	-	Julia Johnson
Censor,	-	-	Mattie Jones
Reporter,	-	-	May Langslow

The regular meeting, held January 20, was a debate. The subject for discussion was:—

Resolved, that Virginia should have compulsory education.

Those supporting the affirmative were Pattie Prince Turnbull and Julia Johnson, and those opposing were Mary Burton and Alice Whitney. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative. While the decision was being made, a delightful piano solo was rendered by Estelle Hall.

The society has decided to study the lives and works of George Eliot and Charles Dickens, during the spring term.

PIERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Pierian Literary Society held an open debate on January twenty-first. The subject was: Resolved—That the United States should immediately declare the independence of her insular possessions as soon as they show themselves capable of governing themselves.

The speakers on the affirmative were ; Lucile Cole, and Susie

Robinson. Those on the negative were Virginia Johnson and Lucy Leak.

The decision was rendered in favor of the affirmative.

SENIOR CLASS REPORT.

The Seniors' last term of work here at the Normal has started! Already part of the class has reached and withstood very successfully the climatic part of the course—the training school; and the remainder are just entering upon it. Everything seems to be trying to tell us that our days are numbered. Our pin has been chosen and the majority of the class have them, enjoying the mark of distinction they give. The staff of our "Class Book" was elected at the last meeting and consists of the following girls:

Ruth Redd	-	-	-	-	Editor-in-chief
Julia Johnson	-	-	-	-	Assistant Editor-in-chief
Hattie Robertson	-	-	-	-	Literary Editor
Bessie Paulett	-	-	-	-	Assistant Literary Editor
Leona Jordan	-	-	-	-	Business Manager
Mittie Batten	-	-	-	-	Assistant Business Manager
Mary Taylor	-	-	-	-	Art Editor
Millian Brooke	-	-	-	-	Assistant Art Editor

Soon the work on the "Class Book" will start in earnest. Soon the halls will be reverberating with the class songs and recall those days when we listened to the Seniors of last year practicing theirs.

H. M. C. A.

The Saturday afternoon meetings since Christmas have been particularly interesting and helpful, and we are glad to see them so well attended.

The association accepted the report of the nominating committee and has elected the following Cabinet:

President	-	-	-	-	Lillian Cook
Vice President	-	-	-	-	Louise Ford
Cor. Secretary	-	-	-	-	Lelia Robertson
Rec. Secretary	-	-	-	-	Rebecca Peck
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	Mary Fitzgerald
Librarian	-	-	-	-	Ruth Dabney

Alumnae Notes.

Georgie Newby ('08) is teaching at Warrenton Virginia.

Happy Wilder (Jan. '09) is teaching in the cotton mill village of South Boston, Virginia.

We enjoyed another flying visit from Gladys Bell, Winnie Parsons and Ethel Brown in January. They still give glowing accounts of their work at Waverly, Virginia.

Maude Southall ('09) is teaching the Kindergarten of the Danville Orphanage, Danville, Va.

Imogue Hutter ('08) spent a few days with us about the first of February.

We had only two graduates in the February class this year, Ethel LaBoyteaux, Charles Town, West Virginia, and Maria Shugert, Berryville, Va,

Ethel LaBoyteaux expects to spend the remainder of the year at her home in Charles Town, W. Va.

Maria Shugert is teaching in Portsmouth, Va.

MARRIAGES.

Kitty Pennybacker (Feb. '08) was married in November, 1909 to Mr. Robert Wright of Waynesboro, Virginia.

Grace Warren ('03) was married in June, 1909 to Mr. James Rowel and is living in Smithfield, Virginia.

Susie Warner () was married December 15, 1909 to Mr. Maddox, superintendent of schools of Henrico Co., and is living near Richmond, Va.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF OUR TRIP TO ROCHESTER.

We, who were privileged to attend the Rochester convention of the Student Volunteer Movement were Miss Andrews, Lelia Robertson, Grace Beale, Lilian Cook and Anna Howerton. We met in the Congressional Library at Washington, full of excitement and eager anticipation. And our hopes were certainly destined to be fulfilled. Not the least pleasant part of our trip to Rochester was the journey there. We left Washington Tuesday night by the special Southern delegates car.

So perfect was the machinery of the Convention that within a half an hour after we arrived in Rochester we were safe at our hostess's houses. I wish that I could carry each one of you into the meetings of the Convention and give you some adequate idea of the wonderful spirit of them, the intellectual view of the world's need of Christ that we saw, and show you something of the spirit of earnest prayer that characterized every member of that company.

There were about 4,000 college students gathered together for the purpose of propagating the kingdom of Christ through all the world. Words would fail to tell of Mr. Robert E. Spile's soul stirring addresses, Mr. Sherwood Eddy's heart searching talks and Ambassador Bryce's view of the situation from a politician's standpoint and of many other splendid addresses.

Mention must be made of the banquet on Saturday of the delegates from Virginia, where we were all agreed that Virginia was well and worthily represented. The last meeting of that convention will always live in the memory of all of us, the service in which about a hundred volunteers, who are to go to their fields in twelve months, stood and told us some of their reasons for going. Then, after Mr. Mott said "The Convention stands adjourned, we left the Hall with mingled feelings of sadness and joy, sadness at leaving it all, and joy at the visions that we had seen. Our trip home included a visit to Niagara and we left on our homeward way, feeling profoundly grateful to those who had sent us.

Anna Howerton.

Athletics.

Excitement reigned Friday morning when the team left for Lexington where they played the "College Widows" Saturday afternoon. The game was the fastest one our girls have ever played, winning by a score of 20 to 14. The gassing was good through out the game and some beautiful goals were made. The team was in excellent condition and showed the effects of good coaching. Every one played a star game but especially Grace Freeman, Aline Gleaves and Katheleen Baldwin. For the "Widows" E. Webster and Elizabeth Bruce played the best game. The trip was a pleasure to all and we extend our many thanks to the Lexington girls. The team returned Saturday night and met a hearty welcome by all.

The line up was as follows :

Lexington	Position	S. N. S.
E. Gadsden	L. F.	B. Paulett
H. Webster	R. F.	K. Baldwin
Ellen Rogers	C.	Grace Freeman
A. Gadsden	S. C.	Virginia Paulett
G. Howe	S. C.	Maggie Gilliam
E. Webster	R. G.	Aline Price
Elizabeth Bruce	L. G.	Aline Gleaves.

Substitute for S. N. S. Sophie Booker and Lottie Thorpe. Referee, Smart, Umpire, Miss Overall. Lines men Hannis and Hogden. W. L. U. Time of halves, 15 minutes.



If the little daughter of the captain in "The wreck of the Hesperus" had not been drowned, and if he had brought her to Farmville to school, I am sure part of Longfellow's poem would have gone this way :

"Oh, Father, I hear the sound of bells,
 Oh, say, what may it be?"
 "'Tis naught but the bell at school my child,
 And why its ringing we'll see."

"Oh, Father, I hear the sound of bells,
 Oh, why do you think they ring?"
 "'Tis only the warehouse bell, my child,
 Tobacco they're auctioning."

"Oh, Father, I hear the sound of bells,
 What means it, do you know?"
 "'Tis the bell of the opera house that rings,
 For a fire or a picture show."

"Oh, Father, I hear the sound of bells,
 What can it mean, oh, say?"
 "'Tis one of those freights, 'bout forty of
 which,
 Go through this town each day."

"Oh, Father, I hear the sound of bells,
Oh, say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
For "stumped" at last was he.

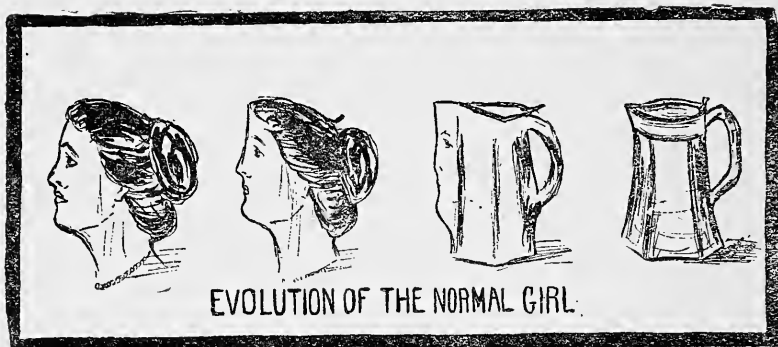
—'10

A Page from a Senior Note Book.

Take from me the supervisor
That stern. horrid criticizer,
Give me mornings when the world is all attune ;
Give me tickets, quite deserving,
"Excellent ——— " from your observing.
Give me — *June*.

Give me Nature at her best,
Not class-rooms with a test !
Give me echo's of the woodland's merry tune ;
Give me supper without hash,
If that would not be too rash,
But they'll never cut that dash
Until — JUNE.

Give to me one hour at night,
Dr. Hodges' themes to write
And a rising bell that will not ring too soon ;
Give me food, for I'll be thin
When I see that dear "sheep-skin,"
Which I worked so hard to win,
Give me — JUNE.



There's something in this Institute that's set our heads a'going,
 A something, not exclusive, but of widespread distribution,
 And when you strike the Normal School there isn't any knowing
 Just how soon, or just how hard you'll be struck with Evolution.

When you left home they cautioned you, and warned you 'gainst
 swell-head,
 And 'gainst all kinds of sins, and snares, and evils and pollution
 But never for a moment have they thought, or have they said,
 'Beware my child of all the harm that lurks in Evolution.

You can't tell when it strikes you, and you don't know what
 you've got ;
 Perhaps it is insomnia, or a run down constitution—
 You LOOK, for all the world, just like an old molasses pot,
 But don't be frightened at this state, it is simply Evolution.

Does Evolution elevate, does it, or does it not ?
 Just add yourself, for science' sake, a willing contribution ;
 What matter if you DO LOOK LIKE AN OLD MOLASSES POT,
 Why, blame yourself, but never think 'twas caused by EVOLU-
 TION !

———1911.

At the beginning of the term Miss Smith asked her two B students in American Literature to write out a list of the American writers with whose names the pupils were already familiar. The following is a list of some of the names handed in ,

Washing Erven	Milton
Mrs. Robert Browning	Robert Stevenson
Sir Walter Scott	John Whitery
William Longfellow	Wardsworth
Shakespeare	Henry Wadsworth
Rushin	Sidney Lenier
Tennyson	Henry Longfellow
Dickens	John Bunion
Lord Macaulay	Robert Burns
John Greenlief	George Eliot
Father Rian	E. W. Wilcock

It goes without saying that these pupils have taken up the study of the proper subject.

JOKES.

R-b- B-r-e. Mr. Mattoon, you play the piano by ear, don't you ?

Mr. M-t-o-n. No, I play by hand.

J-e W-r-e- (Reading the following sentence, "The amount of ivory obtained each year is being lessened on account of the death of so many elephants." suddenly exclaimed.) Irma, "what on earth has an elephant to do with ivory ? I thought that was a plant.

Dr. M-l-e-g. Young ladies, have I read you anything regarding nature ?

C-r- B-o-k-n-. Yes, Longfellow's poem, "Robert of Lincoln"

S-l-i-. Say, do you believe in homeopathy?

M-r-. Yes, of course I do. That is the same as antitoxin.

P-t-i- T-r-b-l-, (In library) Can you tell me where I can find the "Leader's Guide?" I want to hunt up some references.

M-r- T-y-o- (hearing a girl mispronounce Silhouette) Well, I reckon she means Silhouette.

F-o-e-c- A-r-e-. What does that mean? Oh, I know! That is what Miss Overalls teaches us in the gymnasium.

Student. (to librarian) Say, can you tell me where I can find Livingston's poem, "The Swing?"

The Librarian calmly showed her Robert Louis Stevenson's poems near which she had been standing for some time.

Miss Acree has been telling us about a very remarkable friend of hers who plays the mandolin, violin and catarrh.

Dr. M-l-e-g-. (to geography class) Have you seen the comet?

A-n-s B-r-e-. Yes, I have seen it.

Dr. M-l-e-g-. Well, where was it?

A-n-s B-r-e-. Going up High street.

E-a W-l-e-s. Girls, I have a great inclination to spell the word "assured" a-s-s-h-u-r-e-d.

R-c-i- Mc-r-w. I know why that is. It is because you spell sure s-h-u-r-e.

One of our seniors. Dr. Hodge when are you going to look at the stars through a microscope?

DIFFICULTIES OF DICTATION.

Miss Smith was giving a list of poems for reading in the grades, and among them was "The elegy in a country church yard." Here are the versions taken down by three girls: "The clergy in a country church yard," "Emma Jane in a country church yard," and "Ellen Jones in a country church yard." (N. B. What do you suppose they were doing there?)

We have several new definitions of libation. One girl tells us that it is a period of time ; another says it is a kind of freedom ; and still a third thinks that it is a sort of punishment.



The exchanges on our desk for February, are, on the whole, very creditable and of unusual interest. This results probably from the new "spurt of energy" furnished us by the holidays. Our January numbers, on the other hand, were not so good, because we hadn't had time to settle down and work together on them.

The Hollins' Quarterly for this month is even better than usual, we would say, and this means something when the magazine mentioned is in question. The fiction department is unusually full and interesting. Being interested in how they keep their short stories at such a high standard, we observed among other things, that they generally avoided the love story. Only two of this class are contained in the magazine, and neither of these are wildly sentimental truck that is often furnished in the average school magazine. The story "Me Pal" is well written. It leaves something with us, and no story which does this, author known or not, has been written in vain.

"From the side lines" contains one cudgel that should beat some sense into the brains of not only the snobs of Hollins but of every other school. Hurrah! for that "Freshie" who dared!

The Critic for the month, does not seem to us to be quite up to its usual standard. The stories are good ; the first one portraying a dainty imaginative power, and some others being in good plot ; but the two short essays, "The Power of the Novel" and "The Queen Anne Period" are insufficient to balance these. The Sonnets are lonesome for company of perhaps a slightly different type.

The Richmond College Messenger for February, is rather lacking in the story department, containing only two stories with "The Blank Cloak" which is a somewhat long continued one. We don't mean to throw off on continued stories. We like them. But the magazine with only continued stories within is not the most interesting one. The drama, Esther, is well written, this writing of short plays for college magazines is something somewhat new and furnishes a field for good work. We shall enjoy reading its conclusion.

The John Marshall Record is an interesting magazine. You too, need more for your fiction department, Record. Among your poets we recognize an old friend who once wielded her pen for us. Remember us to her.

We wish to acknowledge among our exchanges The Emory and Henry Era, The Virginian, Southwestern University Magazine, The High School Student, The Hampden-Sidney Magazine, The Peabody Record, The William and Mary Magazine, The Aurora.



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